



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

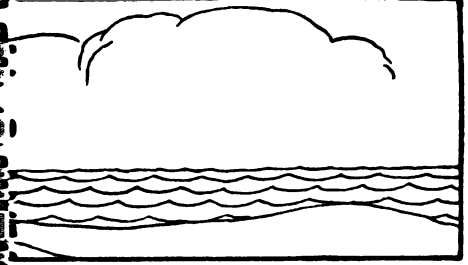
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

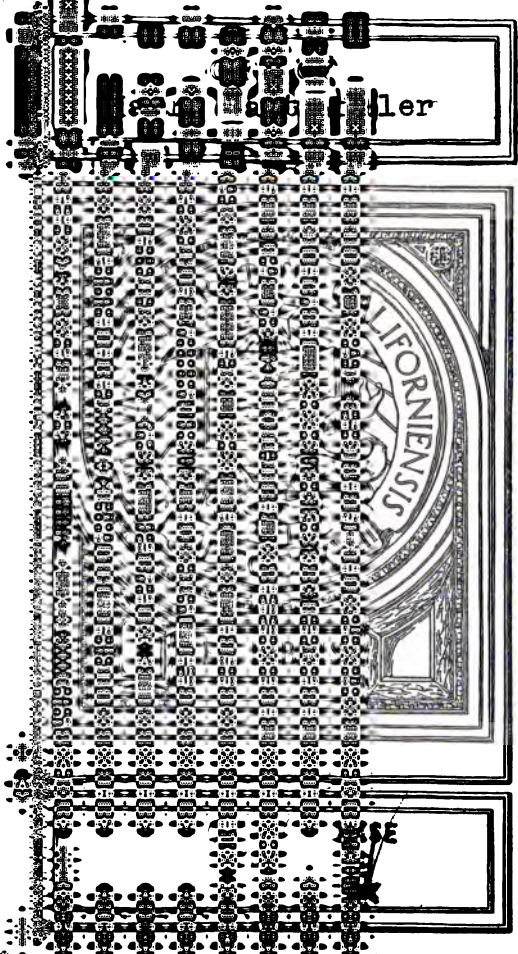
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

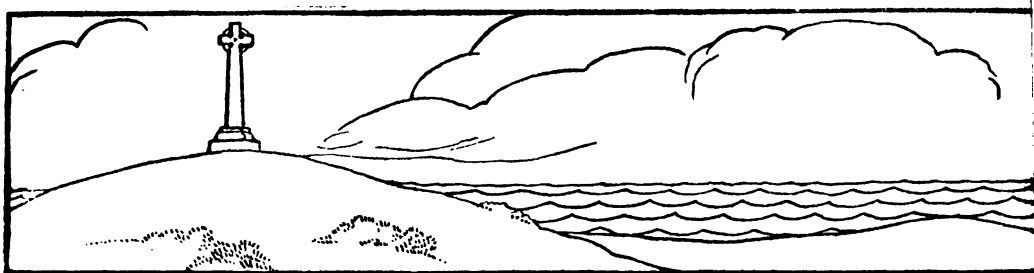
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AS WRITTEN BY TENNYSON





IN·MEMORIAM ✠ AS·WRITTEN
BY ✠ ALFRED·LORD·TENNYSON

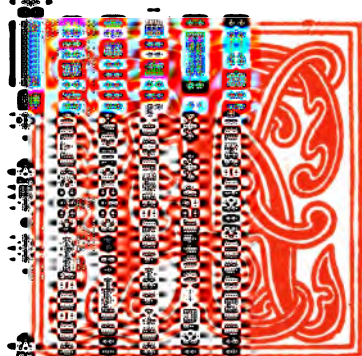
M·D·C C C · X L ·

In Memoriam

Harry East Miller
December 13-1900.

A. H. H.

ALFRED
NYSON
K L I X.



INITIALS FROM
THE McMANUS

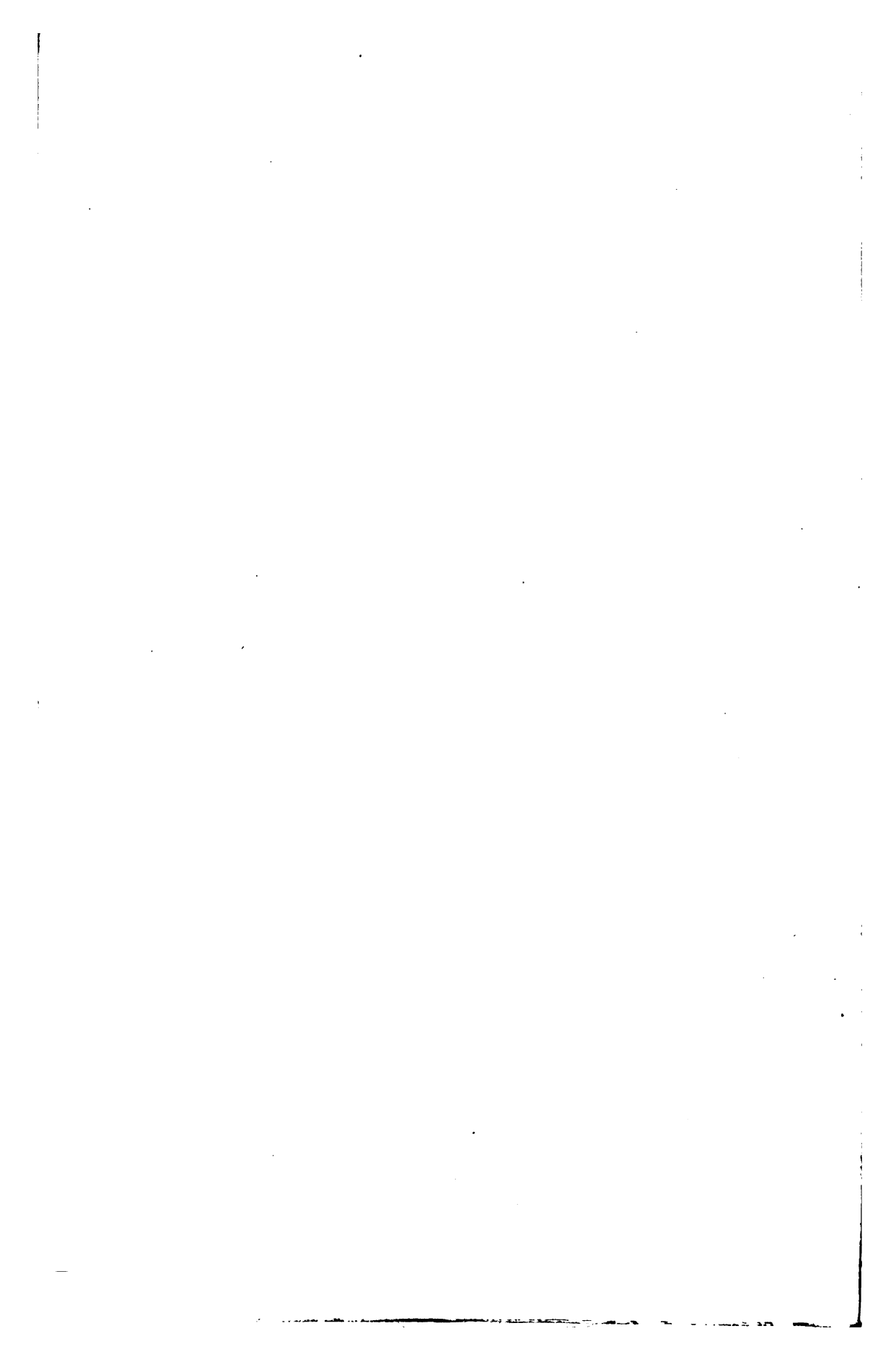
de press LONDON
FIELD, NEW YORK

Copyright
1900
Blanche McManus Mansfield

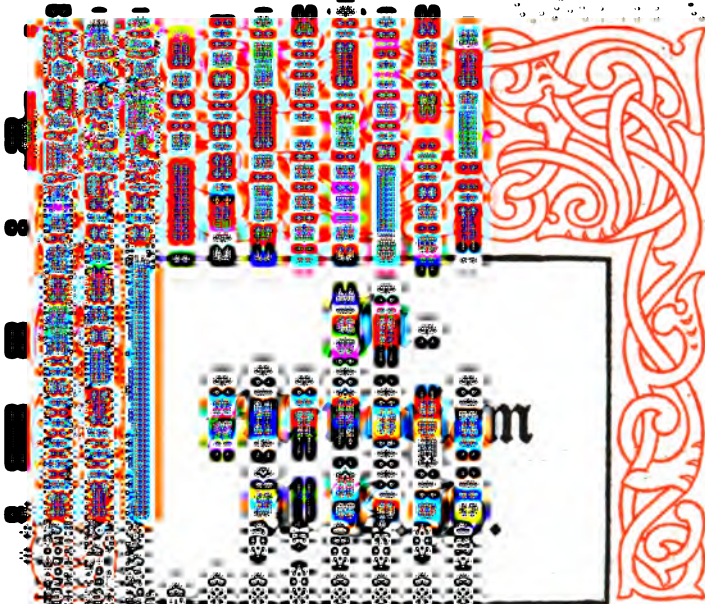
GIFT OF
HARRY EAST MILLER

TO VIRGIL
ALBERT LIAO

In Memoriam



THE POETRY



O mortal Love,
 Not seen thy face,
 I have embraced, embrace,
 And prove;
 The powers of light and shade;
 Man and brute;
 And lo, thy foot
 Hath made.
 O mortal Love,
 Thou art the dust:
 I know not why,
 Thou art made to die;
 Thou art just.
 O mortal Love,
 Thou art divine,
 Thou art the hood, thou:
 I know not how;
 Thou art them thine.



TO MR. H. J. WILSON
AIRBORNE

In Memoriam

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

truth, with him
his
dear harp in di-
s,
may rise on
stones
dead selves to
ings.
the years
to match?
time to catch
?
both be drown'd,
raven gloss:
rock with loss,
beat the ground,
should scorn
, and boast,
loved and lost,
'

which graspest
stones
the under-ly-
s net the dream-
ts are wrapt
bones.

flower again,
 ling to the flock;
 thee, the clock
 of men.

ly, the bloom,
 in any gale,
 mer suns avail
 years of gloom:

llen tree,
 n hardihood,
 on out my blood
 into thee.

ROW, cruel fellow-

priestess in the vaults
 eath,
 weet and bitter in a
 th,
 at whispers from thy
 lip?

ers, 'blindly run;
 cross the sky;
 places comes a cry,
 the dying sun:

Nature, stands—
 in her tone,
 my own,—
 empty hands.'

III

blind,
no real good:
of blood,
and.

give my pow-
bondsman to
in a helmless
my heart I
say:
where now,
from thy desire,
inquire,
so low?'
hast lost,
early years,
of chilling tears,
frost!
trouble cross
green'd eyes;
will and cries,
of loss.'

SOMETIMES hold it
a sin
to put in words the grief
that
words, like Nature,
reveal
half conceal the Soul
in.

Heart and brain,
language lies;
exercise,
numbing pain.

I'll wrap me o'er,
clothes against the cold;
of which these enfold
and no more.

I
writes, that 'Other
ends remain';
that 'Loss is common
to the race'—

common is the com-
mon
vacant chaff well
meant for grain.

Would not make
rather more:
never morning wore
heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
 Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
 At that last hour to please him well;
 Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;
Expecting still his advent home;
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'
Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
 That sittest 'ranging golden hair;
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
 In expectation of a guest;
 And thinking 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
 And with the thought her colour burns;
 And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right.

harn'd, the curse
er future Lord
passing thro' the ford,
from his horse.
e the end?
is to me of good?
maidenhood,
ad friend.

K house, by which
e more I stand
re in the long un-
ely street,
ers, where my heart
s used to beat
quickly, waiting for a
nd,

asp'd no more—
cannot sleep,
thing I creep
to the door.

far away
begins again,
the drizzling rain
aks the blank day.

VIII

lover who has
 in her that loves
 lights and rings
 away bell,
 gains her gone and
 home;
 light
 tower and hall,
 the door is dark, and all
 of delight:
 every fine report
 that went to meet,
 and the street,
 that part not.
 there
 may find
 and wind,
 with care;
 ret,
 with thee
 poesy
 not yet.
 h'd eye,
 tomb,
 may bloom,
 may die.

AR ship, that from the
Eolian shore
Llest the placid ocean-
gains
With my lost Arthur's
loved remains,
Spread thy full wings,
And waft him o'er.

to those that mourn
able speed
thy muffled mast, and lead
his holy urn.

perplex
till Phosphor, bright
thro' early light
dewy decks.

around, above;
heavens, before the prow;
winds, as he sleeps now,
brother of my love;

shall not see
w'd race be run;
her to the son,
brothers are to me.

noise about

bell struck in

cabin-window

sailor at the

his wife,

foreign lands;

hands;

sh'd life.

dreams:

thus

O to us,

seems

id,

and the rains,

drains

God;

wells

deep in brine;

in mine,

with shells.



It is the morn with-
 a sound,
 as to suit a calm-
 grief,
 only thro' the faded
 chestnut pattering
 the ground:
 Upon this high wold,
 that drench the furze,
 gossamers
 on and gold:
 on yon great plain
 with all its autumn bowers,
 and lessening towers
 sounding main:
 in this wide air,
 reddened to the fall;
 if calm at all,
 despair:
 silver sleep,
 they themselves in rest,
 that noble breast
 with the heaving deep.



XII

Above when up
 thro' Heaven a
 glorious message
 pulsation of
 Behind,
 about a mind,
 quite away
 large,
 southern skies,
 distance rise,
 charge,
 my friend?
 my care?
 the air:
 the end?
 play
 back return
 and learn
 way.

YEARS of the widower,
 When he sees
 Late-lost form that
 Deep reveals,
 Moves his doubtful
 Plans, and feels
 Place is empty, fall
 these;

For ever new,
 Set on heart reposed;
 His hands have prest and
 Rest too. [closed,

Trade of my choice,
 A life removed,
 In a dead man I loved,
 A haunting voice.

Teach me, many years,
 A dream;
 How strange do these things seem,
 For their tears;

On wing,
 The approaching sails,
 Not but merchants' bales
 That they bring.

Should bring me

hadst touch'd

to-day,

Went down unto

thee lying in

with woe,

laid in rank

down the plank,

they know;

Should come

the divine;

Thy hand in mine,

Thy light of home;

Thy pain,

Thy troop'd of late,

Thy sorrow, er my state

Thy voice of my brain;

Thy change,

Thy frame,

Thy the same,

Thy change.

RIGHT the winds
to rise
roar from yonder
ping day:
last red leaf is
d away,
rooks are blown
t the skies;

waters curl'd,
on the lea;
on tower and tree
along the world:

which aver
rooks gently pass
of molten glass,
the strain and stir

branches loud;
it is not so,
that lives in woe
on yonder cloud

always higher,
a labouring breast,
the dreary west,
lived with fire.

Words are these
From me?
A despair and
A st
Of a single
How such a
ing be?
ake
A calm or storm;
A transient form
A dead lake
A lark
A heaven?
A harshly given,
A happy bark
A happy shelf,
A sink?
A power to think
A myself;
A man
A and new,
A and true,
A plan?

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the experimental procedures and the statistical analysis performed.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a series of tables and graphs that illustrate the findings of the research.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and provides recommendations for future research. It also includes a conclusion that summarizes the main points of the study.

5. The fifth part of the document contains a list of references and a list of figures. The references include a list of books, articles, and other sources used in the study. The figures include a list of tables and graphs that are included in the document.

been done,
as brought by thee;
shall not see
ice be run.

XVIII

is something;
and
in English
id,
his ashes may
of his native

is death
one were blest
names to rest
is death.

bear the head
mask of sleep,
to weep,
head.

be,
heart,
his lips impart
me;

with pain,
former mind,
cannot find,
and again.

Danube to the
Severn gave
darken'd heart that
no more;
laid him by the
sant shore,
in the hearing of
wave.

Severn fills;
passes by,
the babbling Wye,
in the hills.

or moved along,
deepest grief of all,
ears that cannot fall,
drowning song.

the wave again
roded walls;
also falls,
tle then.

lesser griefs that
be said,
at breathe a thousand
under vows,
but as servants in
buse
Where lies the master
dead;

is,
from the mind:
y, 'to find

these,
to afort win;
within,
gain freeze;
then sit
of Death,
aw the breath,
s flit:
none,
sink
and think,
he is gone.'

him that rests
the grasses
wave,
the grasses of the
pipes
to blow.
and then,
will he speak:
ake weakness
men.' [weak,

him be,
parade of pain,
that he may gain
to constancy.'

this an hour
his barren song,
before the people throng
of civil power?

to swoon,
she reaches forth her arms
to world, and charms
the palest moon?'

idle thing:
his sacred dust:

because I must,
his annets sing:

his note is gay,
his tones have ranged;
his other note is changed,
his song is stol'n away.

II

the path by which we
when did go,
which led by tracts that
blessed us well,
for four sweet years
rose and fell,
from flower to flower,
from snow to snow:

ed from where it ran
 ot a leaf was dumb;
 hills would hum
 ay Pan :

was guide to each,
 rom Fancy caught,
 ut to wed with Thought
 itself with Speech;

air and good,
 hat Time could bring,
 e Sars of the Spring
 e Sars of the blood;

osophy ^{heart}
 divinely sang,
 the thicket rang
 cady.

V
 was the day of my
 ght
 pure and perfect as
 ay?

very source and
 ent of Day
 dash'd with wander-
 isles of night.

air we met,
 hen the Paradise
 human eyes
 ose and set.

XXIV

ef
 bom so great?
 ent state,
 ef?
 win
 ;
 star
 and therein?

that this was
 track
 with equal feet
 as now, the
 pared
 burden for the
 move
 in air;
 to bear,
 ove:
 mb, [twain
 cleave in
 ain,
 m.



L onward winds the
 hary way;
 With it; for I long to
 ve
 lapse of moons can
 ker Love,
 whatever fickle tongues
 ay say.

watches guilt
 hath power to see,
 the moulder'd tree,
 soon as built—

foresee
 is no before)
 ue life no more
 nfluence to be,

e yet the morn
 r Indian seas,
 with the keys,
 ny proper scorn.

XVII

ENVY not in any
 ods
 e captive void of no-
 rage,
 e linnet born within
 the cage,
 at never knew the
 summer woods:

akes
time,
of crime,
wakes;
s blest,
ghted troth
ds of sloth;
;
most;
and lost
t all.

draws near the
hrist:
n is hid; the
ill;
hristmas bells
to hill
each other in the

round,
ead and moor,
a door
he sound:
the wind,
w decrease,
will and peace,
ankind.

I awoke with pain,
 More to wake,
 On life would break
 Wells again:

I spirit rule,
 Me when a boy;
 How touch'd with joy,
 I e.

I such compelling
 I ease to grieve
 I daily vexes house-
 I peace,
 I chains regret to his
 I ease,
 I how dare we keep our ✓
 I hstmas-eve;

I a welcome guest
 I shold of the night
 I lagsess of delight
 I game and jest?

I holly boughs
 I baptismal font,
 I more for Use and
 I of the house; [Wont,
 I one by,
 I nothing new;
 I miss their yearly due
 I they too will die.

XXX

30
trembling fingers
have
round the
hearth;
could possess'd
tell our Christ-

all
in pretence
in a useful sense
nothing all.
in the beech:
the winter land;
and
look at the beech.
sang;
was dim,
with him
sang:
crept
sweet: [sweet,
their sleep is
wept.
change;
they do not die
sympathy,
they change;

and the frail

flower, yet the same,

seraphic flame

veil to veil.'

Oh, holy morn,

joyful day from night:

the east, and light

when Hope was born.

XI

When Lazarus left his

lambel-cave,

And home to Mary's

house return'd,

as this demanded—if

yearn'd

to hear her weeping by

his grave?

Oh, how could he, 'other, those four days?'

He had no record of reply,

that it is to die

is praise to praise.

When the neighbours met,

fill'd with joyful sound,

his crown'd

Olivet.

Up by Christ!

He had no reveal'd;

something seal'd

the evangelist.

These are homes of
 grief,
 where thought her
 heart
 was dead, and
 its
 light brought him
 here.

How persede
 that gaze
 on other's face,
 to be
 changed.

And the cross's fears,
 how so complete,
 in the Saviour's feet
 with tears.

Withful prayers,
 how love endure;
 how pure themselves so pure,
 these are life heirs?

That after toil
 and
 them to have
 purer air,
 with has centre
 to fix itself

when she prays,
 ; her happy views;
 adow'd hint confuse
 adious days.

pure as thine,
 icker unto good;
 flesh and blood
 truth divine!

reason ripe
 law within,
 world of sin,
 such a type.

XIV

own dim life should
 ch me this,
 at life shall live for
 rmore,
 e earth is darkness
 the core,
 d dust and ashes all
 it is;

then this orb of flame,
 such as lurks
 t, when he works
 or an aim.

to such as I?
 with my while to choose
 tal, or to use
 die;

to peace,
the serpent draws,
in the jaws
of ease.

The voice that
and trust
firmur from the
house,
looks drop in; the
s; nor is there
ust:'

here,
Live, I strive
ing alive: '
and hear
ss sea,
at swift or slow
s, and sow
with a sigh,
etful shore
less more and
il die.' [more,

were seen
had not been,
shut,

English moods,
 atyr-shape [grape,
 herb and crush'd the
 d in the woods.

VI

truths in manhood
 y join,
 op-seated in our mys-
 ame,
 yield all blessing to
 name
 Him that made them
 ent coin;

with mortal powers,
 est words shall fail,
 lied in a tale
 doors.

breath, and wrought
 the creed of creeds
 perfect deeds,
 poetic thought;

that binds the sheaf,
 or digs the grave,
 that watch the wave
 coral reef.

speaks with
 brow :
 nest here where
 east;
 has many a
 nest,
 an abler voice
 will,
 feet,
 softer sweet
 of her cheek :
 to speak
 use,
 heart
 aching heart,
 dues;
 one dead,
 divine,
 red wine
 a long,
 truth reveal'd,
 er's field,
 song.'

weary steps I loiter

on,

always under all

skies

purple from the dis-

tant dies,

prospect and horizon

die.

Season gives,

times of spring,

as I love to sing

of solace lives.

is here

render'd free,

as I sing of thee

in thine ear.

XXXIX

warder of these bur-

rows,

and answering now my

freedom stroke

with fruitful cloud and

rising smoke,

dark yew, that grasp-

es at the stones

the dreamless head,

crosses the golden hour

feeling after flower;

on the dead,

]

eyes of men,—
 lying lips?
 the tips,

we forget the
 our
 on Spirits
 way
 maiden in the

she wears her
 over!

she doth rise
 of home,
 that come
 ;

move,
 ther's face,
 embrace
 ve;

each,
 and fit
 to knit
 each;

given
 al fruit
 suit
 heaven.

I discern!

O'er old fireside

blings of the bride,

return,

would have told,

and make her boast,

but miss'd her most

as dear as old:

shaken hands,

ts lay me low;

he fields I know,

er'd lands.

I

spirit ere our fatal

ever rise from high

higher;

mounts the heaven-

d altar-fire,

flies the lighter thro'

gross.

something strange,

he links that bound

upon the ground,

why change.

his could be—

my will with might

of life and light,

friend, to thee.

elds
 ed in death;
 beneath,
 fields;
 the moor
 takes me cold,
 more,
 ward mind
 come to thee,
 be,

heart with fan-
 outstript me in
 out unity of
 me dream I
 with him.
 still,
 and again,
 ce, train
 and will:
 those
 deeps, [reaps
 but knows not,
 and knows?

Sleep and Death be
 my one,
 Every spirit's fold-
 room
 'all its intervital
 some long trance
 would slumber on;
 sleeping hour,
 might it last,
 of the past
 the flower:
 lost to man;
 of the souls
 leaf enrolls
 life began;
 pure and whole
 me here in Time,
 prime
 waning soul.

V

fares it with the
 happy dead?
 here the man is
 more and more;
 he forgets the days
 before
 shut the doorways
 of his head.

and tint,
 ending sense
 shows not
 [whence]

years
 (in springs),
 earthly things
 by peers.

and fall,
 be the doubt;
 speak out
 and see all.

new to earth
 his tender
 best
 circle of the
 thought that

much,
 and 'me,'
 at I see,
 touch.'

mind
 may begin,
 finds him in

ood and breath,
fruitless of their due,
himself anew
th of Death.

VI

anging down this
er track,
e path we came by,
n and flower,
shadow'd by the grow-
ing hour,
st life should fail in
oking back.

ade can last
ain behind the tomb,
arge to marge shall
of the past; [bloom
e reveal'd;
of still increase;
wealthy peace,
its richest field.
were not large,
nor stretching far;
a brooding star,
marge to marge.

who seems a
whole,
have his rounds,
all
of self again;
in the gen-

meet:

divide

il beside;

we meet:

least,

's good:

hit the mood

at least

height,

way,

clasp and say,

es in light.'

brief lays, of

orn,

en to be such

ubts and an-

proposed,

se were such

ight scorn:

and prove;
 harsher moods remit,
 of doubt may flit,
 to love:

sports with words,
 wholesome law,
 and shame to draw
 from the chords:

larger lay,
 from the lip
 of song, that dip
 And skim away.

X
 M art, from nature,
 on the schools,
 random influences
 ce,
 e light in many a
 er'd lance
 t breaks about the
 pled pools:

thought shall lisp,
 est eddy wreath,
 of song shall breathe
 surface crisp.

and go thy way,
 the winds that make
 on ripple break,
 shadow play.

and fears,
opens down,
blindly drown
rs.

me when my
ow,
e blood creeps,
nerves prick
e; and the heart

the wheels of
ow.

uous frame
at conquer trust;
cattering dust,
flame.

is dry,
atter spring,
sting and sing
and die.

on I am away,
human strife,
erge of life

indeed desire the

could still be near us
our side?

ere no baseness we
d hide?

anner vileness that
read?

ause I strove,
ve for his blame,
some hidden shame
is love?

fears untrue:

ed for want of faith?

dom with great Death:

thro' and thro'.

limb or fall:

d, the rolling hours

eyes than ours,

us all.

NOT love thee as
ght,

love reflects the
beloved;

words are only

s, and moved

in the topmost froth
ought.

'Aintive song,'
 he replied;
 'He from thy side,
 'e wrong.
 'y true
 ' bears?
 'sinless years
 ' Syrian blue:
 'fl,
 ' flecks of sin.
 'ather'd in,
 'hell from pearl.'

'Why any a father have
 'the man, among his
 'youth was full
 'in noise,
 'wears his manhood
 'green:
 'give,
 'not been sown,
 'scarce had grown
 'may live?
 'sound
 'of youth,
 'it as a truth
 'and round?

define it well:
philosophy
and her mark, and be
of Hell.

yet we trust that
how good
be the final goal

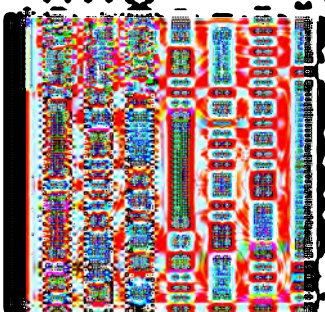
hangs of nature, sins
will,
acts of doubt, and
of blood;

with aimless feet;
shall be destroy'd,
to the void,
the pile complete;

given in vain;
with vain desire
in a fruitless fire,
for a mother's gain.

anything;
that good shall fall
last, to all,
to spring.

what am I?
the night:
for the light:
but a cry.



that of the
 may fail beyond
 not from what
 God within

strife,
 evil dreams?
 he seems,

where
 her deeds,
 seeds
 bear,

weight of cares
 altar-stairs
 to God,
 and grope,
 aff, and call
 of all,
 hope.

careful of the type?"

no.

on a scarp'd cliff and
buried stone

cries, 'A thousand
are gone:

are for nothing, all
go.

Appeal to me:

Coming to death:

But mean the breath

And he, shall he,

Who seem'd so fair,

purpose in his eyes,

to palm to wintry skies,

of fruitless prayer,

love indeed

his final law—

in tooth and claw

against his creed—

'd countless ills,

the True, the Just,

the desert dust,

on hills?

then, a dream,

of the prime,

in their slime,

match'd with him.

!
te and bless!
r redress?
veil.

ome away: the
voe
all an earthly

ome away: we
wrong
so wildly: let

ks are pale;
e behind:
richly shrined;
will fail.

ing dies,
seem to toll
etest soul
human eyes.

o'er,
dead;
ey said,

those sad words I
farewell:

echoes in sepul-
halls,

drop by drop the wa-
alls

aults and catacombs,
fell;

the peace

from day to day,

their dying clay,

here they shall cease.

‘Wherefore grieve

a fruitless tear?

here,

nobler leave.’

WILT thou

with me,

casual mistress, but

life,

bosom-friend and

of life;

I confess it needs

not be;

my blood,

lovely like a bride,

my moods aside,

wise and good.

Love,
day;
es to play
we;
rt mine,
ars to come,
nce, some
were thine.

poul of nobler

oved and loves

the poor girl

rt is set

ose rank ex-

her own.

here,

her lot,

s not what,

in there.

;

w days,

old ways,

was born.

and go,

draws by:

How vain am I!

so low?'

in thy second state
 time,
 my ransom'd reason
 nge replies
 th all the circle of
 wise,
 e perfect flower of
 man time;
 eyes below,
 cter'd and slight,
 owth of cold and night,
 arkness must I grow!
 doubtful shore,
 yon form was made a man;
 it, and love, nor can
 re love thee more.

LXII

O' if an eye that's
 downward cast
 ould make thee some-
 at blench or fail,
 en be my love an idle
 e,
 And fading legend of the
 past;
 but once declined,
 a little more than boy,
 my heart with joy,
 equal mind;

While
bodies,
eyes

a horse o'er-

which my

part,

no weight up-

t

ptions up to

these,

more than I,

in my pathy,

at ease.

where I weep,

round,

round

up.

look back on

been,

vinely gifted

in low estate

in a simple village

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earlier mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me?'



Soul, do with
thou wilt;
Fancy trouble-

Thine's too prec-
ious lost,
Thou shalt not

Thine wrought
Thy thought;
Thine wing:

Thine of friends,
Thine in me,
Thine in thee
Thine ends.

Thine my heart
Thine ceased;
Thine when my
Thine gay
Thine among
Thine with any trifle

Thine was crost,
Thine in the mind,
Thine with my kind,
Thine is lost;

thro' the land,
his friends is free,
children on his knee,
about his hand:
he beats his chair
aching of the sky:
never die,
ays there.

ON my bed the
enlight falls,
now that in thy place
rest
that broad water of
west,
ere comes a glory on
walls:

light of dark appears,
silver flame
of thy name,
of thy years.
yours away;
the moonlight dies;
of wearied eyes
in gray:

mist is drawn
coast to coast,
church like a ghost
to the dawn.

One down I sink

Death's twin-

aces my breath;

Death's twin-

ows not Death,

dream of thee

Am,

fresh with dew,

the breeze blew

orn.

about,

the eye,

know not why,

the doubt:

leaves

truth;

youth

to thee.

And there would

no more,

nature's ancient

was lost:

black

and frost,

trifles at

In a noisy town,
 With thorny boughs :
 To bind my brows,
 A crown :
 Yet with scorns
 And hoary hairs :
 In the public squares
 A crown of thorns :
 They call'd me child :
 Of the night ;
 The look was bright ;
 Crown and smiled :
 Of a hand,
 Such it into leaf :
 Not the voice of grief,
 To understand.

X

I CANNOT see the feat-
 ures right,
 When on the gloom I
 strive to paint
 The face I know ; the
 features are faint
 And mix with hollow
 shadows of night ;
 As if a host of masons wrought,
 With ghuts and gapes,
 In the night, and pallid shapes
 Of the bones of thought ;

yawning doors,
 faces drive;
 half alive,
 shores;
 will
 roll,
 the soul
 it still.

man thou to
 trance
 ness, thou hast
 last
 long Present of

we went thro'
 trance.

the soul?
 bly strong,
 sense of wrong
 whole;

we talk'd
 just of change,
 to something
 talk'd [strange,
 beach,
 mountain ridge,
 from the bridge,
 the beach.

ST thou thus, dim
 n, again,
 howlest, issuing out
 ight,
 h blasts that blow
 poplar white,
 lash with storm the
 aming pane?
 d estate begun
 verse of doom,
 every living bloom,
 our of the sun;
 e dolorous hour
 ars that make the rose
 e daisy close
 e shower;
 eaved a windless flame
 or, whispering, play'd
 of beam and shade
 eek'd the same.
 e wild as now;
 e with some hideous crime,
 end struck down thro'
 e best: but thou, [time,
 y burden'd brows
 drench the morning
 rner'd sheaf afar, [star,
 flying boughs,

[Ere]

g sound
sastrous day;
oyless gray,
the ground.

orlds, so much

he, such things

w I what had
nce,

wert strong as
true?

foresaw,
earthly wreath;

death;
in law.

man trod
with weeds:

human deeds
with God.

me,
soul exults,

results
rged a name.

sometimes in a dead
 's face
 those that watch it
 e and more,
 likeness, hardly seen
 ere,
 es out—to some one
 is race :

rows are cold,
 ou art, and know
 e wise below,
 great of old.
 n I can see,
 leave unsaid,
 owing Death has made
 with thee.

XV

AVE thy praises un-
 gress'd
 verse that brings my-
 relief,
 d by the measure of
 grief
 ave thy greatness to
 guess'd ;

er expert
 ords to things,
 post-toned that sings,
 nee as thou wert?

Days
not long,
breeze of song
green,
neath the sun,
what is done
been.
by fame;
human view,
set to do
declaim.

Days of fancy, and
moment set
all the starry
of space
en'd to a nec-
tween thro'
come,
are dumb
yew;
woke
net, last,
in the vast,
ak.

their branchy bowers
thy songs are vain;
when these remain
yellow towers?

LVII

Thy hope is here for
thy tern rhyme
him, who turns a
thy eye
songs, and deeds, and
s, that lie
eshorten'd in the tract
time?

of pain
may line a box,
a maiden's locks;
moons shall wane
may find,
the page that tells
changed to something else,
thy ten mind.
thy darken'd ways
music all the same;
is more than fame,
sweet than praise.

Christmas did

by round the
hearth;

that snow pos-
earth,

amly fell our
eve:

with frost,

tion swept,

ding slept

ing lost.

,

ing place,

athing grace,

odman-blind.

ress?

of pain:

cow wane?

ed to less?

!

ystic frame,

he same,

are dry.

More than my brothers
to me,'—

this not vex thee,
my heart!

Know thee of what
thou art

hold the costliest
in fee.

Be in kind,

Nature's mint;

And field did print
in either mind.

streamlet curl'd

in the coves; the same

from the twilight came

in the courteous world.

He proffer'd vows,

from the book we learn'd,

his ringlet turn'd

in kindred brows.

He resembles thine,

where I was poor,

may want the more

of mine.

ague desire

Death ere

ed me kindly

de,

the dust on

es;

can,

had wrought,

thought,

d and man.

in;

he speaks;

the weeks

ain.

free;

the and save,

grave

comfort me.

I have said while

ere,

I shall now no

age;

cannot come a

change,

love mature

of richer store :
 to my complaint ?
 'per makes me faint,
 me love thee more.'
 answer sweet :
 was sudden gain,
 less to the grain,
 from after-heat.'

XII

AGE not any feud
 with Death
 For changes wrought on
 form and face ;
 A lower life that earth's
 grace
 May breed with him, can
 taint my faith.
 moving on,
 the spirit walks ;
 the shatter'd stalks,
 one.
 because he bare
 out of earth :
 d human worth
 elsewhere.
 path I wreak
 earners in my heart ;
 so far apart
 other speak.

LXXXIII

on the north-
 w-year delay-
 st expectant
 ing;
 ing, delay no
 ounded noons,
 s proper place?
 il days,
 oons?
 ve spire,
 ing blue,
 ery dew,
 f fire.
 ing song,
 ay blood,
 rozen bud
 th song.

ontemplate all
 hat had been
 w,
 y thoughts on
 w
 thy crescent
 e grown;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
 A central warmth diffusing bliss
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
 For now the day was drawing on,
 When thou should'st link thy life with
Of mine own house, and boys of thine [one
Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee;
 But that remorseless iron hour
 Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
 To clasp their cheeks, to call them mine.
 I see the unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest,
 Thy partner in the flowery walk
 Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

While now thy prosperous labour fills
 The lips of men with honest praise,
 And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair;
 And all the train of bounteous hours
 Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair;

robe,
wrought,
thought,
off the globe;
also flee,
love and fate,
colorous strait
in thee,

Land
shining hand,

which I leant?
Therefore wake
and break
at.

came borne
and pall,
when I sorrow'd

to have loved
to have loved

deed,
relief
common grief,
lead;

And whether trust in things above
 Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
 And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
 A faithful answer from the breast,
 Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
 Till on mine ear this message falls,
 That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
 That range above our mortal state,
 In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;
And led him thro' the blissful climes,
 And show'd him in the fountain fresh
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little
 To wander on a darken'd earth, [worth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,
 O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:

The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods, [brooks,
And Spring that swells the narrow
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall;
'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

ET after showers,
 rosial air,
 t rollest from the
 geous gloom
 evening over brake
 ,bloom
 meadow, slowly
 thing bare
 d rapt below
 -tassell'd wood,
 down the horned flood
 ws and blow
 eek, and sigh
 that feeds thy breath
 ame, till Doubt and
 ncy fly [Death,
 rimson seas
 ur streaming far,
 per orient star
 per 'Peace.'

LXXXVII

ST beside the rever-
 walls
 which of old I wore
 gown;
 ved at random thro'
 town,
 saw the tumult of
 halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

with power and grace
 bounds of law,
 ons when we saw
 ight his face,
 rm, and glow
 heavenly-wise;
 hereal eyes
 ngelo.

LXXXVIII

bird, whose warble,
 mid sweet,
 ings Eden thro' the
 dded quicks,
 tell me where the
 ses mix,
 tell me where the
 sions meet,
 ce extremes employ
 darkening leaf,
 most heart of grief
 secret joy:
 mid prelude woe—
 command the strings;
 sum of things
 hords and go.

MS that coun-
the floor
at lawn with
bright;
with all thy
and height
towering syc-

down,
shadows fair,
lental air
of town:

he saw;
de sports;
from brawling
[courts

dark,
and mark
the heat:

of cares,
morning dew,
garden flew,
wing pears!

rawn
were fed
and read
town:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,
 Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:
Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;
Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
 Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;
But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For 'ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,
'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man.'
 We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,
Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,
And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC

love with half

drank the in-

ring

highest heaven,

could fling

or seed among

dying eyes

resume their life,

child and wife

rise :

warm with wine,

kindly tear,

ish them here,

half divine ;

away,

other hands ;

about their lands,

a day.

one of these,

fire would make

death, and shake

ce.

look to me :

ears have wrought

thought

for thee.

In rosy plumelets tuft
 The larch,
 Rarely pipes the
 Muted thrush;
 Underneath the bar-
 bush
 Lies by the sea-blue
 Of March;

Why which I know
 Among thy peers;
 Accomplish'd years
 And thy brow.

A buoy-mellowing change
 Many roses sweet,
 Waves of wheat,
 Lonely grange;
 Of the night,
 Beam broodeth warm,
 In thine after form,
 In light.

XCII

Any vision should re-
 likeness, I might
 Content it vain
 But the canker of the
 ;
 Tho' it spake and
 Appeal

XCII

were cast

behind,

and a wind

past.

to view

year;

revolving near,

warning true,

prophecies,

events,

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

in the events

And enter; hear
 Beg for words to name;
 Bless of the frame
 That thine is near.

IV
 pure at heart and
 And in head,
 With what divine affec-
 Bold
 Should be the man whose
 Thought would hold
 Hour's communion
 With the dead.

any, call
 Their golden day,
 Thou too canst say,
 With all.

of the breast,
 And fair,
 A cloudless air,
 At rest:

full of din,
 The portal waits,
 At the gates,
 The household jar within.

XCV

linger'd on
 pot the herb
 warmth; and
 haze of sum-

urn
 but chirr'd:
 was heard,
 urn:

ant skies,
 my shapes
 ermine capes
 eyes;

that peal'd
 couch'd at ease,
 and the trees
 the field.

one,
 me and night,
 ter light
 he,

read
 had been,
 kept their
 [green,

And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward back,
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touch'd me from the past,
 And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out [Chance—
 The steps of Time—the shocks of
 The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
 In matter-moulded forms of speech,
 Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd [ease,
 The knolls once more where, couch'd at
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

Want gloom
The o'er
Cycamore,
Fume,
Lead,
Ins, and swung
And flung
Died away;
Without a breath,
Life and death,
Conscience say.

but with no
corn,
Hearted, you,
Light-blue eyes
Over drown-
me, doubt is
new
on versed,
Lyre at first,
True:
deeds,
out.
honest doubt,
creeds.

and gather'd strength,
 and his judgment blind,
 and of the mind
 came at length
 in his own;
 with him in the night,
 darkness and the light,
 light alone,
 and the cloud,
 books of old,
 their gods of gold,
 and so loud.

C VII

love has talk'd with
 rocks and trees;
 finds on misty moun-
 ground
 in own vast shadow
 fiery-crown'd;
 sees himself in all
 things.
 married life—
 and thought of thee
 mystery,
 a wife.
 with eye on eye,
 have beat in tune,
 made December June,
 as to die.

Their love has never past away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.
Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.
He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.
She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss:
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.
For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.
Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
'I cannot understand: I love.'



leave us: you will
the Rhine,
those fair hills I
and below,
when I was there with
; and go
summer belts of
eat and vine

his latest breath,
splendour seems
the wisp that gleams
of Death.

rolling fair
unmark'd of me:
will not see
that there,

evil haunts
; friend from friend
fathers bend
thousand wants

men, and prey
earth, and sadness flings
the blaze of kings:
heard him say,

town
progress to and fro
of chariots flow
under brown

]

XCVIII

Content,
crowd,
aps, and loud
and tent,

face, and breaks
akes

ou thus, dim
in,
with voices of
with lowings of

on I lost the
men;

alking red
at bubbles fast
of the past,
lead;

ged caves
oming care,
and there

any breath
earth,
birth,
death.

It may be,
 Under the poles,
 As kindred souls;
 That mourn with me.

MB the hill: from
 To end
 All the landscape un-
 Heath,
 Had no place that does
 Not breathe
 The gracious memory
 Of my friend;
 In every lonely fold,
 In every whispering reed,
 From mead to mead,
 In every windy wold;
 In every hush and haw
 In every linnet trill,
 In every bird along the hill
 In every wrangling daw;
 From the rock;
 In every set that swerves
 In every thro' meadowy curves,
 In every flock;
 In every kindred eye,
 In every kindlier day;
 In every step, to pass away,
 In every heart that seems to die.

'D, the gar-
 shall sway,
 blossom flut-
 hat beech will
 own,
 le burn itself
 ming fair,
 disk of seed,
 aly a coe pan-
 tion feed
 burning air;
 bar,
 down the plain,
 wain
 star;
 grove,
 ern and crake;
 break
 and cove;
 the wild
 landscape grow
 mild;
 tills
 the glades;
 memory fades
 hills.

Have the well-beloved
Where first we gazed
The sky;
The roofs, that heard our
First cry,
And shelter one of
The younger race.
From home,
On the green walks I move,
The diverse love
Accepted in the freedom.
The boyhood sung,
The minstrel song, and heard
The language of the bird
The song of the young.
The sea, but here
The stay'd in after hours
The world among the bowers,
The world seem treble dear.
The half the day,
The separate claim,
The singing game,
The each other way.
The are set
The peasant fields and farms;
The another's arms
The regret.

at night before
 the doors
 as bred,
 a vision of
 at my after-
 ent.
 hall,
 distant hills
 d with rills
 rang.
 wise and good
 centre stood
 sang;
 known to me,
 d, and love
 dove
 the sea:
 must go
 that led the way
 lay
 [banks,
 that made the
 ranks

And still as vaster grew the shore
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck:

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
'We served thee here,' they said, 'so
And wilt thou leave us now behind?' [long,

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
And go with us:' they enter'd in.

sweep
shroud,
crimson cloud
deep.

draws near the
Christ;
is hid, the
all;
church below

folded in the

of rest
breast,
I know.

they sound,
memory strays,
of other days,
round.

T ungather'd
ave
l, let this holly

within the
land,
largely falls our
eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.
No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and mime ;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.
Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.
But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more ?
Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;
Nor harp be touched, nor flute be blown ;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east
Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.



wild bells, to
ky,
cloud, the
dying in the
wild bells, and
new,
the snow:
go;
true.
the mind,
see no more;
and poor,
and.
ease,
strife;
of life,
laws.
the sin,
the times;
rhythms,
n.
and blood,
spite;
right,
good.

of foul disease;
 growing lust of gold;
 to sand wars of old,
 years of peace.

an and free,
 the kindlier hand;
 richness of the land,
 it is to be.

II

is the day when he
 is born,
 a bitter day that early
 behind a purple-frosty
 vapour, leaving night
 torn.

flowers or leaves
 in quiet. Fiercely flies
 North and East, and ice
 sharpen'd eaves,
 stakes and thorns
 present, as she hangs
 which grides and clangs
 on horns

that pass
 on the rolling brine [wine,
 coast. But fetch the
 and brim the glass;

2]

them lie,
 heat;
 and treat
 by;
 al cheer,
 urely we
 er he be,
 to hear.

shut me from

I stiffen into

eat my heart

with sighs a
 ind:

ith,

' with might

ighest height,

Death?

place,

singing hymns?

th there swims

the

may be

skies:

makes us wise,

thee.

ART-AFFLUENCE

Discursive talk
In household foun-
ds never dry;
The critic clearness of
eye,
That saw thro' all the
cases' walk;

The force
By the doubts of man;
Which outran
Every course;

Of the good,
With no ascetic gloom;
In snowy bloom
April blood;

Deeply felt,
In the regal seat
Of the schoolboy heat,
And the Celt;

With female grace
The child would twine
Unmask'd, in thine,
In thy face;

And thee mine eyes
If they look'd in vain,
The water who remain,
Shall make me wise.

CX

horse drew us
of rathe and
soul, a haunt

weakness in

ag,
m'd of pride,
thy side
tongue.

you wert by,
to school
brazen fool
not why;

art,
as mine;
that they were
art; [thine,

he skill,
will not tire,
gue desire

churl in spirit, up or
in
ag the scale of ranks,
all,
him who grasps a
ten ball,
blood a king, at heart
own;
we'er he veil
for fashion's sake,
both nature break
the wilded pale:
fact? but he,
and memories call,
but more than all
m'd to be,
he was, and join'd
social hour
as the flower
noble mind;
for spite,
meeting by,
expression of an eye,
fire met in light;
without abuse
of gentleman,
charlatan,
noble use.

Room holds my
gaze,
no gaze with
eyes
is insufficien-
ly narrower

Room
why
eye
doom.
novel power
touch,
hope too much,
hour,
thought,
tempest made,
on sway'd
thought.

that sorrow
wise;
much wisdom
on thee
not alone had
the seasons
rise;

knew thee keen
 price and skill
 on, to fulfil—
 wouldst have been :
 warm,
 mission sent,
 Parliament,
 the storm,
 address gather force,
 the time has birth,
 the earth
 course,
 that come and go,
 with energies,
 with wings, and with cries,
 and fro.

IV

loves not Knowl-
 ge? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty?
 Why she mix
 With men and prosper!
 Who shall fix
 Her pillars? Let her
 work prevail.
 She sits a fire:
 Her countenance
 the future chance,
 to desire.

and vain—
of death.
love and faith,
the brain
lost
ward race
know her place;
st.
er mild,
guide
ade by side
your younger child:
and,
of the soul.
thy goal
like thee,
in power
year and hour

the last long
snow,
geons every
quick
the flowering
and thick
roots the vio-

and loud and long,
 as a lovelier hue,
 wonder living blue
 lightless song.
 on lawn and lea,
 enter down the vale,
 milky sail
 distant sea;
 new pipes, or dives
 of gleam, and fly
 that change their sky
 that live their lives
 and in my breast
 ; and my regret
 violet,
 as like the rest.

VI

then, regret for bur-
 time
 at keenlier in sweet
 April wakes,
 and meets the year, and
 es and takes
 the colours of the cres-
 t prime?
 the stirring air,
 out of dust,
 to hearten trust
 the world so fair.

shine
 alone;
 have known,
 mine:

tune dead;
 friendship fled,
 is to be.

*To future
 To present infidelity*

hours, your
 his
 me from my
 presence,
 while from his
 gain of after

sue
 sweet;
 we meet,
 runs,
 that steals,
 wheels,
 ins.

A TEMPLATE all this
 of Time,
 a giant labouring in
 youth;
 a dream of human
 pain and truth,
 a dying Nature's earth
 and lime;

We call the dead
 an ampler day
 of fate and gods. They say,
 a path we tread

The time it began,
 the coming-random forms,
 the cyclic storms,
 the man;

A hunch'd from clime to
 a higher race, [clime,
 A hunch'd to higher place,
 A hunch'd of time

The things of more to more;
 The attributes of woe
 The things of his course, and show
 The things of ore,

The things of central gloom,
 The things of burning fears,
 The things of hissing tears,
 The things of shocks of doom

CXVIII

fly
 unusual feast;
 but the beast,

ere my heart
 to beat
 y, not as one
 ce more; the
 ne meadow in

ng-withdrawn
 y dawn,
 thee,
 are bland,
 of thine eye;
 scarce a sigh
 hand.

I have not
 eath:
 are not whol-
 mockeries; not
 with beasts, I
 Death;

in clay :
 we are, and then
 pace unto men,
 should not stay.

who springs
 childhood shape
 greater ape,
 things.

Hesper o'er the bur-
 sun
 ready, thou, to die
 him,
 you watchest all things
 dim
 dimmer, and a glory

from the wain,
 upon the shore;
 the closing door,
 the brain.

for the night,
 great work is heard
 wakeful bird;
 greater light:

the stream,
 from the brink;
 millage hammer clink,
 of the team.

ple name
t, the last,
nd my past,
art the same.

hou with me,
en,
ose up against

'd to burst the
om,
the eternal
again,

awe,
oll
my soul,
aw;

the grave
ne now,
nd brow,
ave,

breath,
boy,
joy,
death;

blows,
ants a bow,
eeply glow,
t a rose.

HERE rolls the deep
 Here grew the tree.
 Earth, what changes
 Thou seen!

Here where the long
 Quiet roars, hath been
 The stillness of the cen-
 sea.

And they flow
 And nothing stands;
 Yet, the solid lands,
 Themselves and go.

Dwell,
 And by dream, and hold it true;
 For they may breathe adieu,
 And bid the living farewell.

CXXIV

THAT which we dare in-
 To bless;
 Our dearest faith; our
 Mostliest doubt;
 They, One, All; with-
 out;

Power in darkness
 From we guess;

World or sun,
 Or insect's eye;
 Questions men may try,
 Have spun:

asleep,
no more'
ing shore
deep;
would melt
der part,
the heart
have felt.'
fear:
made me wise;
that cries,
near;
understands;
the hands
olding men.

FOR I have said
ter notes my
d give,
there often
live
fiction on the
youth;
dimmer eyes;
gracious lies,
truth:

full of care,
spirit of the song;
ere sweet and strong
there;

sail
the mystic deeps,
orce, that keeps
sailing, fail.

VI

is and was my
d and King,
in his presence I

and
hear the tidings of
friend,

rich every hour his
riers bring.

King and Lord,

as yet I keep

on earth, and sleep

faithful guard,

sentinel

from place to place,

the worlds of space,

that all is well.

CXXVII

a well, tho'
 a form
 in the night
 the storm to
 hear
 voice across
 spread,
 face again
 Seine
 with dead.
 crown,
 rags:
 hanging crags;
 down,
 flood;
 on high,
 to the sky,
 blood,
 of Hell;
 happy star,
 from afar,
 well.

love that rose on
langer wings,
palsied when he met
Death,
comrade of the lesser

at sees the course of
man things.

in the flood
shall yet be made,
may degrade;
of good,

with Hope and Fear,
had to do
that look like new;
mission here,

useless sword,
with glorious lies,
in sects and cries,
of a word,

power,
ident at his desk,
ness picturesque
feudal tower;

might well descend
I see in part
some piece of art,
an end.

, far off, my

near in woe

e most, when

lower and a

, divine;

lips and eye;

that canst not die,

ine;

and to be;

understood;

of good,

with thee.

s on the roll-

ee where the

ndest in the

setting thou

ot guess,

and flower

ive power,

less:

loves before;
 passion now;
 God and Nature thou,
 more and more.
 never nigh;
 and I rejoice;
 with thy voice;
 no' I die.

LXXI

LIVING will that shalt
 endure
 When all that seems
 shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual
 shock,
 How thro' our deeds
 and make them pure,
 Lift men out of dust
 and him that hears,
 conquer'd years
 works, and trust,
 of self-control,
 that's not ever can be proved
 with all we loved,
 soul in soul.
 well and long,
 a marriage lay;
 marriage day
 than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
 Since first he told me that he loved
 A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;
Tho' I since then have number'd o'er [came,
 Some thrice three years: they went and
 Remade the blood and changed the
And yet is love not less, but more; [frame,
No longer caring to embalm
 In dying songs a dead regret,
 But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.
Regret is dead, but love is more
 Than in the summers that are flown,
 For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;
Which makes appear the songs I made
 As echoes out of weaker times,
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.
But where is she, the bridal flower,
 That must be made a wife ere noon?
 She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:
On me she bends her blissful eyes
 And then on thee; they meet thy look
 And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
 He too foretold the perfect rose.
 For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
 As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
 Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
 And I must give away the bride;
 She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
 That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
 That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
 Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
 Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
 The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again
 The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
 Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
 By village eyes as yet unborn;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the
That has to-day its sunny side. [grave

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait;
They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,
Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
And crowning cup, the three times three,
At last the dance;—till I retire:
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
 And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge; under whose command
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

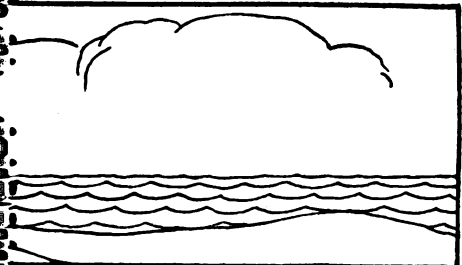
That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

[THE END]



OF THIS EDITION
FIVE HUNDRED COPIES
WERE PRINTED BY
The Bankside Press
AND ARE OFFERED FOR SALE BY
M. F. MANSFIELD, NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER, MDCCCC.

129.156.



AS WRITTEN TENNYSON

CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
LEY

which borrowed.
last date stamped below.

LD
1966

FEB 3 1971 90

REC'D MOFFITT

FEB 3 1971

RECEIVED

DEC 3 1979

'66 - 2 PM

EN DEPT.

MOFFITT

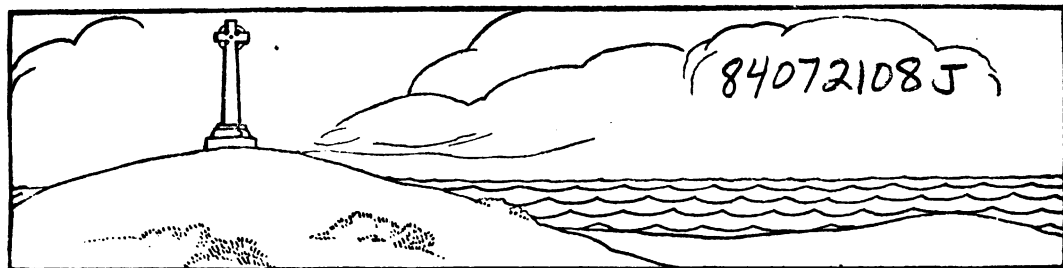
3 1971

7 1974 # 1

MAR 20 1974 16

19 1979

XL · IX



IN·MEMORIAM ❖ AS·WRITTEN
BY ❖ ALFRED·LORD·TENNYSON

M81819

CASE

B



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

M · D · [REDACTED] · XL · IX